

**PALMERSTON NORTH SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE COMPETITIONS, 1916.**

**MAORI GIRLS' SCHOOL,  
TURAKINA.**

**FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.**

(Written by H. Tekauru, age 17.)

It is a very important thing for man to be able to choose the right kind of drink to quench his longings when thirsty. Many people would rather prefer to have the bad kind of beverages than the good pure drinks, such as water, milk, tea, cocoa, and coffee. Water is the most important. It is the only drink that can quench your thirst. Water has been the drink of both man and beast from days immemorial. It is the gift of God to man. The birds of the air and the flowers of fields cannot live or grow without water. No mortal thing, such as animals and plants, could live without water. When God first made man He gave them water to drink. At the present day many a man, and woman too, would look at the gift of God with contempt. Next in importance comes milk. Good, pure milk is a nourishing food for the body. Tea, coffee, and cocoa are also good, because they are harmless, if they are not too strong. Then there is also the hot, fiery alcoholic drinks, which I am very sorry to say most of the men in our country crave after. These drinks are nothing else but a curse to man. It is the beginning of all criminality, the symbol of wickedness. There are many people who, through drink, have gone down, down in this world, and perhaps committed crime after crime, just because their better self has been killed by the different alcoholic drinks in which his evil self delights. These drinks kill the power in the body of man that helps to keep away disease germs. It also hinders the growth of the body. There have been many sick cases, where people have died of a certain disease, just because they take alcohol, where in other cases sober people have been able to pull through the same disease, because their minds are clear and their bodies are healthy. The person who drinks, in the course of time will become ignorant of the difference between right and wrong. Many a home has been broken up because of drink. The man loses his

affection for his wife and children, and does not care what becomes of himself as long as he is somewhere near a public-house. Perhaps that man had been a good Christian man before he took to drinking, and had unfortunately fallen into the company of wicked men that are toppers, and use dirty language, who influenced him to fall in with their ways and habits, and being a man weak in character, he was unable to resist the temptation. Thus causing their quiet, peaceful home to be broken up, and instead of sitting round the fire with his children on his knees, telling them Bible stories, as he was accustomed to do, their peaceful abode was turned into a habitation of wild drunkards. When his sons grow up to be men, they are apt to follow his example, unless the mother exercises her stronger influence over them, bringing them up to know the evils that come through drink, and also to have higher ideals in life; to save the money they earn to buy the little things they need rather than waste it on drink. You see it does not only harm the body and moral sense of man, but it also harms the pocket. I am sure that if it had not been for the drink traffic, there would not have been so many starving people in London. Most of the men who work in the factories in England, when they receive their wages, even if it is the only few shillings they possess, make off for the nearest public-house, with not a care for those at home. All these things happen day after day, and yet it does not seem to make any difference to the trader. He sees all the misery and sin around him caused by the drink he sells, yet what does it matter to him? He is happy as long as he is storing away the drinker's money into his bank. What a difference it would be to New Zealand if the alcoholic drink trade was abolished in the country. What a healthy country it would become, and what a high example it would set. We would have good cause to be proud of our little island home. Do the dwellers in New Zealand think that? No! Most of them do not. They do not care to follow their King's example, and all the leading men in England. They keep putting men into Parliament that drink alcohol themselves, and when it comes to voting they favour the drink people, thus enabling them to get the drink

trade to stop in the country. As long as drink is allowed to stop in the country, New Zealand will never become a great Dominion. Our New Zealanders have made a great name for themselves, a name that will last for ever in the history of the Empire, but what a greater name those at home would have made if they had stopped drink from coming into the country altogether!

**PARENCA-RAUMATI UNION  
(Maori W.C.T.U.).**

A letter has been received from this our farthest north Union. They are a very loyal band of women, who are working for God and facing difficulties bravely. They assure us that they will keep true till there are none of them left. Bravo! "True till Death" is the motto for every White Ribboner in this Dominion, whether Maori or European.

**THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.**

The politician talks and talks,  
The actor plays his part,  
The soldier glitters on parade,  
The goldsmith plies his art,  
The scientist pursues his germs  
O'er this terrestrial ball,  
The sailor navigates his ship,  
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk,  
The broker reads the tape,  
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth  
To fit the human shape,  
The dame of fashion, dressed in silk,  
Goes forth to dine, or call,  
Or drive, or dance, or promenade,  
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman wields his shining tools,  
The merchant shows his wares,  
The aeronaut above the clouds  
A dizzy journey dares;  
But art and science soon would fade,  
And commerce dead would fall,  
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,  
For the farmer feeds them all.  
—"Scientific Farmer."

**MAYOR CHANCES HIS OPINION.**

The Mayor of Seattle (which city has lately gone dry) confessed to a reporter: "I voted wet, and am ashamed of it. I haven't had a woman in my office crying and saying that her husband hasn't turned in any money in six months. I have not had this occur since the first of January, when the saloons were closed. There used to be four or five a day."